THE
COMMONWEAL

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CONTENTS

The Bible in Chains 287
Week by Week 289
The Eleventh Hour 292
Who Makes the Law?..Summerfield Baldwin 293
Canada's Diamond Jubilee .....
M. Grattan O'Leary 294
Southern Drama, New Style..James E. Tobin 296
One July Night (*verse*)....Dorothy Tyrrel 298
Cutting the Peat.....Michael Walsh 298
Communications 299
The Season's Players.....R. Dana Skinner 300
Poems..Jesse E. Sampter, Wilfred Childe, Sister Mariella, Raymond Kresensky, John Mullen, Mavis McIntosh 301
Books....Van Wyck Brooks, Ernest Sutherland Bates, T. C., Morton Dauwen Zabel 302
The Quiet Corner 305

THE BIBLE IN CHAINS

MR. MORGAN WORTHY, writing a letter to the Atlantic Monthly, declares that "the critical spirit of the age has greatly affected the attitude of the lay public toward the Church," which he sees confronted "by an entirely novel kind of 'belief' or rather unbelief, that manifests itself in an attitude of respectful unconcern for the erstwhile venerated creeds." But while this diagnosis does seem to apply to the millions who have given up professing any affiliation with religious organizations, it hardly holds good within the churches themselves. Whatever else an historian of Catholicism in this country might have to report, he would certainly emphasize the growing consciousness on the part of Catholics of membership in an organization—a society the outlines of which are repeated more and more clearly in various subsidiary associations and groups. And in so far as the Protestant churches are concerned, the lay mind has gone to much greater lengths in defending the letter of the law and the standard tests of orthodoxy than its clerical leaders have been willing to go. Few ministers of the Gospel would insist upon a literal interpretation of the Scriptures; and yet the feeling of reverence for such an interpretation is strong enough among the people to make the teaching of evolution an issue in more than a dozen states.

The unusualness of this situation suggests a moment of reflection upon matters which are called to mind by the Lausanne Conference, at which a portion of the Protestant world is making a commendable effort to regain unity of mind and purpose. At the time of the Reformation, there was relatively little disagreement between Catholics and Protestants concerning major doctrines and practices. Both accepted the Scriptures as the inspired word of God, and both believed in those basic truths which had been formulated by the creeds. The central issue was authority, and the Protestants had soon transferred this, in all departments of religious life, from the "teaching body" to the individual, whoever he might be. As time went on this individual, seldom enough a doctor of divinity, forgot almost everything excepting the Bible. That became, subjectively at least, the court of last appeal. In order to make out a good case for this restriction of territory, the Protestant convinced himself that reading of the Scriptures had been forbidden by the Catholic Church, intent as this was upon adding to the original deposit of the Faith new inventions of its own. Even the mediaeval practice of chaining a Bible to a pedestal, to prevent individuals from running off with the precious manuscript, was transformed into a legend the purport of which was that Holy Writ had been imprisoned in

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order to prevent people from seeing what was really in it!

As a matter of fact, of course, the middle-ages copied and read the inspired books with remarkable diligence. That great mediaeval humanist, John of Salisbury, who almost merits the title of being the first authentic European essayist, rivals Montaigne in the copiousness of his quotations from classical authors, but adds an astonishing wealth of citations from the Scripture. The actual Catholic practice may be inferred from the comment devoted to it in Professor Haskins's The Renaissance of the Twelfth Century, which is discussed elsewhere in this issue. Every well-appointed library would have, he declares, "first, the Bible, often in many duplicate copies, with Saint Jerome's version frequently accompanied by the gloss and commentary." This Bible "commonly filled several volumes, even without the gloss; indeed, it was often called bibliotheca, a library." It was also a monastic practice to give handsomely executed manuscripts of Holy Writ to friends and patrons. Professor Haskins notes that the library of Henry II of England must have contained such volumes, and that his son John, "certainly no bookworm, received from the abbot of Reading the Old Testament in six volumes." Indeed, the Scripture was so much a portion of daily mediaeval speech (outdoing in this respect the effect of the King James version upon English literature) that the old Protestant impression of its having gone out of style under the rule of the Church is quite mistaken.

What is even more remarkable, mediaeval Bible-reading was surprisingly like a great deal of "modern" Bible-reading. It made no attempt to be scientific in character, being interested chiefly in "the overtones of allegory and mysticism which each verse carried with it." Every new commentator (and very frequently he was merely a pious, imaginative soul) jotted some fanciful speculation on the margin of his copy. This practice only very rarely implied heretical design, however, for the reason that respect for the authority of the Church was a commonplace state of mind. Protestant readers have restored the allegorical habit with a vengeance, as is inevitable whenever mystical feeling is not accompanied by intellectual advancement. Christian Science is the result of one "symbolic" interpretation; Adventism is the result of another. What absurdities have been read into the Apocalypse! How many texts have been used to lend significance to a dream! And yet, though a mediaeval reader would probably be shocked by many evidences of heretical doctrine, he would certainly recognize the nature of the reading process.

But regardless of popular tendencies, the modern age soon developed its own mode of authority. The separate sciences, each proclaiming its own dogmas and interpretations of mystery, inevitably came in contact with the field of religion. Protestantism might well proclaim the right of the individual to read the Scriptures by the light in his own soul. Science, which soon became the only widely respected intellectual autocracy, insisted upon viewing the matter through its varied lenses. Thus there came into being a variety of scriptural criticism which not only scoffed at prevailing favorite allegories but even challenged the authenticity and claims of Holy Writ. It entailed a "conflict between science and religion" which, so long as religion itself disclaimed its scientific character, was bound to prove disastrous to simple belief. And therefore Protestantism, which lost one by one the essential Christian truths that the Reformation had been eager to retain, is now in danger of losing even the foundation upon which those truths repose. The further the "scientific" attitude toward Scripture spreads among ministers and people, the more insecure becomes the grip upon faith. It is inevitable that those whom culture emancipates from fantastic allegory should be the first to confront, in perplexity, the whole of what is commonly termed "modernism."

It would seem, therefore, that if Protestants really wish to keep for the Scriptures their popularity and sacredness, they must restore something like what ruled the mediaeval reader over and above the legitimate play of his pious imagination. There is no harm in mystical application of inspired texts to one's own personal spiritual experience—so long as this application is subject to correction in accordance with firmer and loftier principles. There is also no harm in critical investigations of the text and purport of the Bible (the Catholic Church is now engaged in such investigations) so long as they do not run counter to the just conclusions of authoritative theological science. But how is the Protestant world to attain and preserve such a balance? Though we hope and pray that it will soon be reunited with Catholicism, everyone knows that the time for such a step is not at hand. But it is not altogether out of question that divines outside the Church should agree to be governed by the pronouncements of the Holy See on the subject of Scripture.

This they could accept without recognizing the existence of divinely constituted authority. They could conceive of Rome merely as a central institute endowed with unusual powers to carry on the scientific task of theology and biblical study—in other words, as an authority which is as fully competent to speak in the realm of religion (all supernatural claims now being strictly left out of the question) as the Institut de France is qualified to discuss archaeology. Such an action would do more to solidify the Protestant churches and to restore intellectual confidence in the Scriptures than dozens of Lausanne conferences could accomplish. It would also free the Bible from those chains of agnostic comment in which it is now, in so far as a growing number of people are concerned, imprisoned and stifled. There can be no doubt, moreover, that only through corporate movements like the one here suggested can the reunion of Christendom ultimately be achieved. Can we not agree, at least, about the foundation of faith?

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THE COMMONWEAL

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BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

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WEEK BY WEEK

DURING the past week there was more than a faint likelihood that the Naval Arms Conference would be wrecked by failure to solve the most difficult problem before it. After capital ships, which are not at present under discussion, the cruiser is the vessel upon which naval commanders place the greatest value. Upon what basis shall an agreement to limit their size and number be made? United States, Japanese and British answers to these questions differed vitally, the Japanese occupying a middle ground which, however, was strangely enough not a compromise between the other two. United States preference for large cruisers which are comparatively independent of naval bases and British insistence upon many small cruisers serviceable in wiping out privateers cannot easily be reconciled. Tonnage is merely a quantitative term, and quality is a most important consideration when cruisers are the topic. Fortunately enough, both the personal declaration of Sir Austen Chamberlain and the calling of a second plenary session brought to the fore once again the vitally important general purpose of the conference —to maintain the status quo established by the Washington treaty, to forestall lavish expenditure of public moneys in unlimited competitive building, and to go another step in the direction of real disarmament. So long as public opinion everywhere insists that these general goals must remain in sight, attempts to regulate technical problems are not likely to go wholly astray, however ungrateful this endless discussion of tonnage and ballistics may be to prophets of peace.

TWO things in connection with the murder of Kevin O'Higgins, Vice-President of the Irish Free State, are, in a sense, worse than that murder itself: the fact that it will be regarded by the world at large as a political assassination, and the possible fact that it may have been one. As minister of justice, O'Higgins had obviously made serious mistakes in policy. By a curious coincidence his death was almost simultaneous with the anniversary of Shay's rebellion. If he had studied the history of that uprising carefully, he would have noticed that it bore considerable similarity to the Irish disturbances he put down by grim force, and that the best proof of the young United States government's strength was its tact in pardoning the seditious Shay and his comrades. O'Higgins was thinking, of course, about the tragic part which murder has always played in Celtic politics and imagined he could stamp it out once and for all by repression.

IF HE had been in the habit of going to the theatre, he might have realized that the unpopularity of Sean O'Casey's plays is due precisely to the circumstance that they tell the truth, mordantly, even bitterly, but squarely. Their pictures of "peaceless Ireland" contrast strangely with the historical ideal of Irishmen. Tragedy came to O'Higgins, however, and it is well to believe that the Irish people will see the difference between the murder of a properly elected sovereign official, who was also a singularly upright man, and ordinary killings for the sake of settling private grievances. If the act can be traced to any prominent members of the Republican Party, it is to be hoped that this organization itself will take steps to see that full justice is done. Nobody who knows Mr. De Valera will suppose for a moment that he had any knowledge of the plot or would have spared himself to prevent it. But in so far as the world's public opinion still has a conscience, it is eager to see him throw off the suspicion which has fallen upon his followers, if only to bring the day of complete Irish independence nearer than it is now.

NEWS from Louisiana's flooded Acadia is distressing in the extreme. During the weeks when the river was pounding through shattered levees, the struggle against calamity bore an heroic aspect and all the country was anxious to help. Today, with the period of greatest danger past, public interest in Louisiana's welfare seems also to be waning. And yet a flood is not a thing that strikes and lets go. Fertile cotton and sugar lands are still under water while the Mississippi slowly returns to its normal level. In some counties, say those who are in a position to make accurate estimates, fully three-fourths of the productive soil still looks like a forbidding marsh. Houses and even towns are encrusted with mud and slime, in which the sun breeds miasmas. The character of the district, moreover, is such that a majority of the farmers, tenants with large families to support, have absolutely no

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funds upon which to draw for relief. "Penniless" is a word which seems to describe almost every person in the little groups which are picking their way back home as fast as possible. Relief as dispensed through the Red Cross has saved lives and kept up confidence, but it is really an open question whether the situation is not too vast and too complex for any single agency to handle with genuine effectiveness.

THERE is no doubting public generosity. It needs to be stimulated and made effective, however, through an appealing organization. We have all the respect in the world for the Red Cross, but very many people expect it to function automatically and are prone to forget that it needs constant assistance. During and afer the close of the war, Americans carried on a work of relief among the children of France and Belgium, the destitute of Germany and Austria, the starving crowds of Russia, which really seems to have stirred everybody and to have accomplished, by dint of generous coöperation, a task of rescue which otherwise would have baffled workers. It is time to begin thinking that perhaps we have a similar situation in flood-stricken Louisiana. Certainly one may believe that from President Coolidge in his sylvan retreat there should have come some word of appeal and comment that might have injected fervor into a public interest apparently flagging. Even better, however, would be a reminder from every pulpit that the benefactions which Christ urged on behalf of the needy are ours to make liberally now.

WE HAVE said more than once that, partisans like Senator Heflin and others to the contrary notwithstanding, Governor Smith's religion is not a matter at all affecting his presidential candidacy. In common with most other organs similar to it in character, The Commonweal endorses the Governor's record as chief executive of the state of New York, and believes that his knowledge of the needs and best aspirations of urban democracy renders him the one outstanding victor over the boss rule of the sort which now threatens to destroy good popular government in the United States. We feel that those who oppose his candidacy ought to meet him on this ground, if they are at all interested in civic welfare. It is also quite legitimate to oppose the "wetness" of Governor Smith, as various Catholic publicists are now doing. An earnest supporter of the Eighteenth Amendment can certainly be a true American, and also an orthodox member of the Church. Such a one is entitled to feel that a man as indulgent toward the pre-prohibition universe as the Governor of New York has proved himself to be must be kept out of the White House at all costs. But it is quite as wrong to make Governor Smith's religion the crucial point inside the Church as out of it. When we find a Catholic editor saying, for instance, that the reply to Marshall ought to be disavowed because an Italian paper has termed it "dangerously liberal," and that Rome itself disapproved of that reply—because it hastened to declare that it was not interested in anybody's chances for the Presidency—we cannot but feel that venom and inconsistency have been oddly mingled by Catholic drys.

IF GOVERNOR SMITH'S religion should not be the issue (and certainly it should not be) then it is quite as wrong to make a point of his "laxity"—if such it be—as it is for some Protestants to make a point of his creed. And when a layman goes still further, when he actually presumes to know that "Rome is on his side" and that, therefore, Governor Smith's orthodoxy is suspect, he comes perilously near losing what Mr. Chesterton would call his "spurs." As a matter of fact the Governor did precisely what Catholic custom recommends a man should do under circumstances like those which arose during the Marshall controversy. He did not presume to settle points in theology, but frankly and humbly referred them to a priest and a student of the subject whose authority was recognized by his ecclesiastical superiors. Since this eminently orthodox procedure does not seem to have satisfied the critics in question, it may be well to quote Father Bede Jarrett's comment on the Reply to Marshall, with the remark that this learned Dominican is regarded, for more than theoretical reasons, as one of the greatest living authorities on Catholic social teaching. Writing recently in Blackfriars, he said: "Catholics in the United States are to be congratulated upon the possession of so fearless and lucid an exponent of their Faith. They should be grateful for the lead he has given them; they must be great enough to follow him in frankness, in sympathy, and in intelligent appreciation of that Faith." This comment, we believe, contains not only a doctrinal opinion of some importance but also a bit of homily not altogether unnecessary.

DURING the first days of July, Detroit was the scene of two important Catholic conferences. The annual meeting of the National Catholic Educational Association was exceptionally well attended and called forth much excellent comment. A note of confidence, struck not merely by the outstanding addresses but also in the reports of those charged with the difficult task of organization or of particular departmental development, may be said to have found the proper sounding-board in Detroit's model Catholic school system. We hope to be able to present at some future time one or two of the significant addresses delivered before the convention. Similarly, the fifth annual meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems was entirely a success, bringing together as it did important representatives from both employers' and workers' groups. Mr. J. M. Larkin, assistant to the president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, talked excellently of company organization and welfare work, and was rewarded with election to the vice-presidency. Organized labor was ably defended by Mr. C. F. Wills, of

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the Chicago Federated News, who also found himself in office when the meeting came to a close. The Conference is manifestly gaining in vitality and importance. It is to be congratulated upon the leadership of Mr. Frederick Kenkel, long since inured to the difficulties and importance of sound social reform.

A QUIZZICAL person might derive a certain hot weather comfort from the circumstances that while Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, surrounded by London's most august citizens, was pronouncing genius "extinct," Columbia University's chief professor of neurology, having completed a comparative study of human brains, arose to declare that the cerebrum of man as he now is represents only "an intermediate stage in the ultimate development of the master organ of life." Perhaps Dr. Butler was merely noticing a temporary halt in the evolutionary proceedings—a kind of interregnum, as it were. It may also be that Dr. Tilney was traveling in the wrong country. One does not like to comment hastily upon his findings, prior to their analysis by other competent scientists. But obviously so confident a prophecy as his ought to be weighed carefully before it is accepted. What reason can there be, one wonders, for toiling hard to win the applause of posterity if our descendants will expand their brains so far as to make our most titanic efforts seem futile nursery exercises? Emerson must have been wrong when he supposed that the very fact that the work of people like Martial and Kepler had been preserved testified to their having minds "above the average." Of course one grants there is plenty of room for brain improvement. The cautious glancer about will find many occasions upon which the comment of Robert Burns upon Commissary Goldie's brains will seem pertinent:

> "Lord, to account who dares Thee call,
> Or e'er dispute Thy pleasure,
> Else why within so thick a wall,
> Enclose so poor a treasure?"

IT STRIKES us that Dr. Tilney overlooked one important aspect of the matter. If the brains of human and simian fossils testify to a common ancestry; if the development of the human brain is the cause of man's progress and the sole criterion of his personality—then there is no good reason why we can refuse to believe that the brain of the simian is also merely "an intermediate stage in the ultimate development of the master organ of life." Perhaps it was exposed to a setback from which man escaped by some good chance, and is now about to make a startling leap forward. Indeed, by virtue of the faculty of logic which now distinguishes man, it is permissible to arrive at the inference that all the animals are merely "retarded" and intermediate. If that be true, imagine the glorious future when the steeds entered in the Kentucky Derby will gallop or trot with a consciousness that there was once a Marathon! It may even be that the Man o' Wars of a distant generation will insist upon being taken to the museum for a look at Rosa Bonheur's canvases in order that they may be fortified by a knowledge of what their glorious though benighted ancestors were like, and may return to the race-track comforted by the plaudits of doggish spectators, enabled, by the progress of evolution, to follow the drama of sport in the daily press. The best evolutionist will, of course, spoil this picture by insisting that what can be predicted of man cannot be prophesied of animals—a most important point, to which we again draw their attention.

THERE is a certain dramatic pertinence in the fact that Mr. John Drew's last play revived the best traditions of the theatre in which he first earned public approval. Trelawny of the Wells was an example of that odd blend of sentiment and satire, naturalness and artificiality, in which the best days of Augustin Daly took delight. Mr. Drew himself may be said to have remained faithful to that ideal. As an interpreter of gentlemen—and every character he ever played soon turned into a gentleman—he carried on with a verve, a poise and a distinction which no one else rivaled. It was always a pleasure to see him, though one had sometimes to forget a preliminary reading of the text. What of it? The proper test of a theatre is always the life it can place on the stage; and there was never a moment when Drew as an actor was seriously near being dead. He will be missed because of the incomparable urbanity of his presence, the rich fulness of a singularly expressive voice, and the art by which he could make sophistication natural to us all. But possibly the greatest reason why one hates so to think of his having gone is simply the value of his example. He illustrated in his person all the good things that hard work can help an actor to become.

FOUR hundred years of reading Niccolo Machiavelli have not made his fundamental character easier to understand. We let the centenary pass on, summon to memory his doctrine that "use anything to win—but win" is good political ethics, and shudder to think how frightful Italy must have been when such a man was permitted to write and carry on diplomatic manoeuvers. How is one to reconcile Machiavelli's undoubted respect for morality with his sanction of any means in diplomatic action; his pagan habits with his Christian death; his personal uprightness in office, which scorned anything similar to what we should now term "graft," with his deliberate grovelling at the feet of the Medici for the chance of getting a berth? The best answer, perhaps, is that like so many other people of his time he had a very great deal of respect for power in itself. No characteristic of the Italian heyday is more marked than its tendency to be impressed by Roman greatness rather than Roman law. During the mediaeval period, the Eternal City was hardly respected for what it had been physically in the past. People carried off precious

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marbles to Normandy and England, and tore down whole streets for any reason or none; but they did find Roman law and rewrite it into that admirable code which has governed the administration of ecclesiastical —and other—justice ever since. The renaissance suddenly revived the idea of Rome magnificent and powerful, and the splendid development of architecture and painting was matched with a new manifestation of what the will can accomplish in the domain of government. Such a vision of power seems to have overwhelmed Machiavelli, just as—in a different age—the first splendor of the Baconian doctrine bowled over men like Alexander Pope.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

THE ordination of the Reverend Thomas H. Dempsey by the Right Reverend Bishop Gilfillan on June 12 at St. Joseph, Missouri, revives the interest expressed from time to time on the subject of what are known as "late vocations." Father Dempsey began his studies more than thirty years ago at Carlow College, Ireland. On coming to America, he entered the United States army, retiring with the rank of captain. After the completion of his military service, he became connected with the fire department, and later, the police department, of St. Louis. At the end of a long, honorable career of civic service, he entered Saint Thomas Seminary in Denver, and has finally fulfilled the wish of his heart.

The mere outline of such a career offers interesting suggestions to many men in mature life, persuaded of a religious calling, yet deterred by the consciousness of advancing years from entering a religious seminary. The experience of life carried over by such aspirants cannot but be helpful in the final effort of their life service, and it is to be hoped the story of Father Dempsey is significant of a welcome that awaits the aspirants, tried and not found wanting, who have ripened their characters in the outer world and who submit the harvesting at our seminary gates.

In England, France and Italy, the story of belated and even "eleventh-hour" vocations would fill a weighty volume, and it is noticeable that many of them have a military or naval background. In Montreal there is one very distinguished example in the person of the Reverend Philippe Duperron Casgrain, born of an old family of Quebec, who retired after long service in the dominion and imperial forces, which had included several periods of active service in the field, and who reëntered military life after his ordination in Rome in 1911 at the age of forty-seven, as chaplain to the forces. Father Casgrain's attainments and knowledge of languages marked him out for high and responsible employment, and he finished the war as a member of the General Staff at the British War Office, covered with decorations of Popes and foreign governments as well as medals won on the field. Not only is Father Casgrain's story a remarkable record of service under the banners of both world and cross, but he is highly esteemed in his diocese and the religious world at large as the author of the Examen Conscientiae, the Examen Baptismi et Matrimoniae, and other works of authority.

A few months ago, in chronicling the death of Padre Fosco of the Dominican Order in Rome, The Commonweal had occasion to refer to an even more extraordinary instance of a late vocation. Padre Fosco did not enter a seminary until retired from the army upon age limit and with the rank of general. His belated studies were made with the Benedictines of Sant' Ambrogio, and we are told by a lifelong friend that "It was a moving sight to see this man, already old, seated among youthful aspirants to the sanctuary to whom his rank and career were unknown." It is an interesting fact not without its bearing upon the whole question of late calls to the priesthood, that the ministry of the venerable Dominican was spent "largely in the confessional."

In France, within the last few weeks, the cause for beatification of Père de Foucauld, the soldier-priest and martyr missionary of the Sahara, has been officially opened through a message by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. Although the call to Foucauld did not come quite as late in life as in other instances we have mentioned, it came under dramatic circumstances which his heroic death later intensified. There is something in the picture of this brilliant and worldly French cavalry officer, stricken with grace almost as suddenly as Saul of Tarsus, and perhaps, like him, in the saddle, and devoting to the service of God, with a simpleness of heart that saw no discrepancy in the sudden shift of loyalties, the fighting temperament and soldierly habits that had made him one of the most promising leaders in France's colonial forces. M. A. Boucher, a well-known French writer, says of him in a recent issue of La Vie Catholique: "The reputation for sanctity of 'the Hermit of the Sahara' is by now world-wide. The most indifferent and sceptical are struck by the contrast offered in the life of a brilliant soldier, worldly and amusement-loving for years, who became a positive model of ardent faith and almost superhuman austerity."

There is little danger that these late and picturesque vocations will ever be anything but an exception in the Church, or that the traditional path to Holy Orders—early piety, love of the altar and what might be called a happy instinct in youth of the supreme importance of things eternal—will ever be superseded as a motive for entering the priesthood. Nevertheless, the tale of late vocations has its own edifying place. Will it, as life grows more complex and as the nostalgia for simpler and holier values so noticeable in the contemporary world keeps pace with its complexity and godlessness, become a more and more common story? He would be a confident prophet who would presume to answer this question by either yes or no.

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WHO MAKES THE LAW?

By SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN

"BEHOLD a republic," we were once adjured by William Jennings Bryan, "a republic in which every citizen is a sovereign, and yet where no one cares to wear a crown." In this pungent paradox was restated in language intelligible to the Independence Day audiences of two decades ago the sempiternal dilemma of self-government. The dilemma is obvious, has always been obvious, to anyone who has as much as scratched the surface of political life. To those theorists who explained government in terms of a fictitious yet none the less "necessary" social contract, self-government became an ethical concept, a formula of what Bentham called deontology, of what ought to be. Legitimate commands of government were, in the last analysis, directed by the individual to himself. The "general will" was his will, whether he liked it or not. To the political realists, the Bodins, the John Austins, concerned in their hearts to find a way out of the chaos which must result when ruler and subject are one and the same, it was nevertheless always evident that, however absolute they made their sovereign, his powers could never go further than the obedience given him. In desperate mood, they were sometimes obliged to admit that, because of this control, exercised by subjects over the power of any government, no matter how despotic, there could be no such thing as a real sovereign found in the world.

The political jargon of the United States, derived largely from the half-understood language of Rousseau and the "social contractors," is full of confusion. Most of our state constitutions declare roundly that political power is derived from, or is resident in, the "people." The "people" of the state of New York, and all other states, are supposed to be one of the parties in criminal prosecutions. Because every so often certain duly authorized electors cast ballots to decide which of two persons shall hold a given public office, it is vaguely imagined that the acts of the person so chosen derive their force from the fact of his choice. Mystagogical professors of civics can be heard solemnly assuring their classes that whereas in Great Britain the Crown in Parliament is the sovereign, in the United States it is impossible to say that anyone is sovereign except the "whole people."

The essential difference between the control exercised over human action by a command and that exercised by other considerations seems to have been overlooked. A command controls human action either by reason of the fear of future pain which it excites, or by reason of the pleasure excited by its inherent equity or by its conformity to the preëxistent ideas of right and justice entertained by the persons to whom it is addressed. The control exercised over subjects by the sovereign power is inherent in its commands, these commands being either general laws, particular judgments or administrative orders.

The possessors of sovereign power for the time being are those who share in the utterance of these legal commands. In our own country, as in others, the sharers in sovereign power are very numerous. The various persons who go to make up our forty-eight state governments and our federal government have, no doubt, each of them a share of sovereign power, however minute. Some of them, so-called legislators, subscribe to general laws; others, the judiciary, pronounce particular judgments; while still others, the so-called executives, issue administrative orders.

When, however, the legislators have subscribed, the judges pronounced, the executives ordered, each within the limits of his share in sovereign power, a sovereign and legally binding act has resulted. It did not, by the wildest reach of the imagination, result from the people in general, or even from the duly authorized voters who chose the persons to share in sovereign power for the time being. It resulted from the act of those persons themselves, and was unquestionably directed by them to someone else than themselves, though it may also have been intended to bind themselves in their private capacities. Over the limiting operations of such an act, once enacted, there is no control whatever.

But over the persons who share in the sovereign power there is a considerable number of very important controls. First of all there is the purely legal control exercised by the commands, constitutional and otherwise, which regulate what share each person is to have in the sovereign power. These laws excite just as much fear or just as much pleasure in the persons sharing in sovereign power as other laws excite in persons who have no share therein, except that some of these laws have no sanction attached.

Derived from the fundamental laws is the so-called system of checks and balances. The senators control the members of Congress because the latter are aware that no act of theirs can be effective unless a majority of senators approve. The President controls both houses so long as its members are aware that more than a third of them are in agreement with the President as to a proposed act. The Congress controls the President partly because the President can do nothing without money, partly (though this is of far less importance) because the President can be removed from office by impeachment proceedings and trial by the Senate. The courts, and more especially the Supreme Court, control practically every officer of government, since no act of any sort has validity if five members of the Supreme Court refuse to adjudge it legal. On the other hand, Congress and the President have a vague control over the Supreme Court by their power to

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change its composition, or withhold its salaries. In this case, too, impeachment, of course, always hovers in the background.

What, now, of control by the people? It is of two sorts, legalized and extra-legal. It depends first and foremost upon the fear of the possessors of the sovereign power of losing their jobs. These persons know that in the last analysis they can only hold their jobs so long as they satisfy the more powerful factions in a community. Revolution in our country, as in all others, is the only surely effective method of transferring the sovereign power. Our fundamental laws and those derived from them have wisely provided a means of allowing substantial numbers of the subjects to remove from office such sharers in the sovereign power as have displeased them, a removal which may be effected under the forms of law and without having recourse to revolution. The holding of many important shares in that power was made dependent upon the periodic ballotings of legally constituted electors. The shareholders are therefore controlled by the fear, not of being thrown out of office at the point of machine guns, but of finding themselves supplanted by other persons at the next election.

In a few states, these legally constituted electors have even been given a minute share of sovereign power, under the provisions of law which institute what are called the referendum and initiative. The subscriptions of an indeterminate number of them will make or unmake law in the teeth of the legislatures, though hardly in the teeth of the judiciary, whose ultimate verdict may upset the binding character of any law, however made.

After legalized control come all those numberless means of control for which it is impossible to find any general name. The functionings of various political parties, the whisperings of financial magnates, industrial magnates, journalists, trade-union presidents, preachers, even college professors, strike fear in the hearts of those who share the sovereign power, and move them to enact this, or to repeal that, in accordance with the desires of this or the other influential number of subjects. Governments indeed exist to be coerced. It would be madness to suppose, because a mild and legalized form of coercion, such as suffrage, had been devised by the framers of our fundamental laws, that other forms of coercion would be eliminated.

Yet after all the checks and balances have coerced the sharers of sovereignty into not trying to get more than their due share of it, and after the legally authorized voters have coerced those whom they have chosen by the fear that they will not choose them again, and after fear of strikes, or fear of Wall Street, or fear of the Anti-Saloon League have all extra-legally contributed their portions of political coercion, the sovereign power acts, the law is made, and the subjects, knowing that they will disobey at their peril, are generally inclined to obey quite meekly. They probably obey no more and no less meekly because some of them suppose they have been giving commands to themselves.

CANADA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

By M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

ON JULY 1 the people of Canada celebrated the diamond jubilee of the confederation of their disunited, warring provinces into a single, self-governing dominion. Never, perhaps, in the world's history has a nation composed of scattered communities and of diverse races and creeds given a more imposing demonstration of unity and solidarity. The achievement of 1867, which lifted four uncombined provinces, bitterly hostile toward each other, out of a condition of weak and futile detachment and formed them into a federation with one common national aspiration, was impressively vindicated.

Sixty years ago saw the world on the threshold of a new era in Europe, in the Far East, and on this northern continent: new forces, new impulses, new passions, were being liberated which in the course of time were to lead out to unimagined convulsions and the liberation of greater forces still. In Germany the amiable Emperor William I, assisted by Count Bismarck's powerful elbow, had nudged Denmark into obscurity and Austria into subservience, and was presently to announce imperial Germany amid the smoking ruins of the Third French Empire. Japan had just emerged on the world after centuries of isolation, and the Japanese people were turning their backs on the historic traditions of their ancestors. Italy, her record decorated with the names of Mazzini, Garabaldi and Cavour, was about to begin her career as a unified kingdom under Victor Emmanuel. A dark and prolonged drama of blood had forever abolished slavery and preserved the Union on the American continent. Everywhere forces were making their first movements which in five decades have transformed society over the whole face of the globe. It was amid these beginnings that the Dominion of Canada was born.

The story of Canada, in the centuries before 1867 is a record of adventure and struggle unsurpassed in the romance of history. In 1497 Sebastian Cabot came from one of the Henrys and founded England's claim to this continent; thirty-seven years later, Jacques Cartier came and claimed this world for the French and was followed by soldiers and priests from the land of the Louis kings. They quested west and south, seeking a road to India and far Cathay, seeking furs from the forests, seeking the souls of the natives for salvation, seeking adventure. They pressed into the

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wilderness by lake and river roads, and left, sometimes their names and sometimes their bones in a savage land of savages.

Hard on their heels came the peasants of France, men and women, to fill the great valley of the St. Lawrence with the busy race that dwells there today. Theirs was the adventure of both toil and danger; they had the axe and the spade with which to win the land, and the fusil with which to save it from the bloody Iroquois. Champlain, Pontgrave, LaTour, Maisonneuve and Frontenac were some of the soldiers who came to the land for adventure; Jogues, Lalement, Lemoine, Broebuef were some of the priests who came to plant the Faith. For a century and a half the French pioneered the northern half of the continent, struggling with the wilderness, with the natives, and with their English-speaking neighbors, who had colonized the land to the south. During that time a French Louis, on the advice of Richelieu, made to the Hundred Associates the splendid gift of Canada, which another and later Louis contemptuously called a few acres of snow.

Wolfe took the land for the English on the Plains of Abraham in 1759; his work was consolidated the following year when the Frenchman Vaudreuil gave Montreal to the Englishman Amherst; and their work was confirmed by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, which gave Canada, Acadia and Newfoundland to England. It has remained English, though the tenure was not always an easy one. Pontiac and his allies, this same year, sought to surprise the white man and sweep him from the land. Twelve years later rebelling American colonists, in a northern adventure, captured Montreal, but lost at Quebec. So Canada continued British while the Thirteen Colonies went their own way. The next adventurers to come were the Loyalists, who left their homes in the United States, and landing in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario, began anew the struggle to hew habitations for man out of the northern wilds. From their advent dates much of the solid growth of Canada.

Explorers, too, were being attracted to the Pacific. Bering came from Russia and planted a community of hunters in Alaska; Cook and Vancouver came from England; Hecete came from Mexico—all of them by sea. Alexander Mackenzie, who had gone down the great river of his name to the Arctic Ocean, came to the Pacific by a wonderful journey across the land. It was the Briton who stayed, first as a fur-gatherer, and then as a gold-seeker. The two held the coast for the British, and British it is today, in spite of careless diplomats.

It was not to be that such uneasy men as these pioneers would live easily one with another. From their struggle with nature they found time for strife among themselves. There was, apart from physical combats, politics in abundance. It had burned the parliament buildings in Montreal; it had brought Ontario and Quebec together, driven them apart and brought them together again; it had led to duels; there had been faction fights in elections; there had been British protests, and a British governor-general had been driven home. The capital had been hunted from Quebec to Montreal, to Kingston, to Toronto, and finally to both Quebec and Kingston, and then to Ottawa.

There were differences between the French and English communities, expressed in political issues; there were deadlocks and demagogues; there was a condition, practically, of two premiers in controlling partnership, one English and one French. By 1864 faction had exhausted the country. Public affairs were at a standstill, and for the moment it seemed as if constitutional government had ended in failure and chaos. Repeated changes of cabinets, dissolutions of parliaments, every constitutional specific, had failed. The public stood bewildered, aghast.

It was at this juncture that a man appeared in the public life of Canada who will forever find a place in the Valhalla of the Dominion's heroes. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Young Irelander, who had escaped to America with a price upon his head, and who, after some years spent battling Know-nothingism in the United States, had retraced his steps to the British flag, became the prophet of Canadian union. McGee, in his first newspaper article after coming to Canada, predicted confederation and the establishment of a "new nationality" upon the North American continent. Thereafter, by pen and on the platform—for he was an orator whose services were in demand not only in upper Canada, but throughout the maritime provinces —he did more than any other man to force the idea of federation upon Parliament and the country.

Political chaos and the American Civil War were his powerful allies. British and Canadian sympathy for the South brought with it the possibility of war between Great Britain and the United States. Only by union, it was felt, could the Canadian provinces save themselves from being drawn into the American Union. George Brown, who with McGee, and John A. Macdonald, and A. T. Galt and the French Canadian, George Etienne Cartier, shared the chief architectural labors of confederation, said:

> The Civil War in the neighboring republic; the possibility of war between Canada and the United States; the threatened repeal of the reciprocity treaty; and the changed feeling of England as to the relation of the great colonies to the parent state—all combine at this moment to arrest earnest attention to the gravity of the situation and unite us all in vigorous effort to meet the emergency like men.

In 1864 a conference of the leaders of all the provinces, held in Quebec, declared for federation. There remained nearly three years of political struggle in Canada, in New Brunswick and in Nova Scotia; but the zeal of the advocates of union, the pressure of events and the steady influence of the British govern-

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ment triumphed over all difficulties; and on July 1, 1867, the four provinces, Upper Canada, Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, took form as the Dominion of Canada.

Sixty years have abundantly justified the step thus taken. As the years went by, the obscurities of factional politics disappeared, and a common interest attracted the energies of a united population. With a free political form and a liberal constitutional theory, the forward march was natural and inevitable. Power multiplied, wealth increased, responsibility expanded. Canadian cities ranked among the great cities of the American continent; Canadian wheat fed half the population of Europe. Canada has now the largest per capita export trade of any nation in the world. The land has been girdled with rails; a Canadian company has realized the dream of the old, bold explorers. To the first four, five more provinces have been added, and all are greater than at confederation. Great factories today smoke throughout the land. Schools and churches and hospitals are everywhere. Canals have been dug; great harbors throng with commerce; sea and forest and mine yield fabulous riches; mighty water powers have been developed.

And Canada, from being a dominion, limited in external power, has become an absolute nation, controlling her own destiny. By a series of steps, covering sixty years, she has advanced to a point where her right and power to deal with all her foreign interests can no longer be constitutionally questioned. Today Canada nominates her own governor-general; appoints her own ministers to foreign capitals; negotiates her own treaties. These rights, confirmed since the great war, crowned the constitutional development of six decades. From self-government in domestic matters under sharp limitations, to complete self-mastery; from a state of non-existence in world affairs to full rights of participation in world policies; from submission to external executive authority to a position where the final authority is the king advised by his Canadian ministers; from a colony to a nation—such is the story of constitutional growth in sixty years.

Canada, finally, has become a land of perfect religious freedom, and of the widest religious tolerance. Her French-Canadian population, grown to 3,000,000, have their own schools, teach their own language and have the fullest religious freedom, under the Constitution. Sixty percent Protestant, she has had two Catholic prime ministers, and Catholics have ever been fully represented in her parliaments and her legislatures. Today an Irish Catholic sits as chief justice of her Supreme Court, and a French-Canadian Catholic is her minister of justice. The French Catholic Wilfrid Laurier, and the Irish Catholic D'Arcy McGee, are among her national heroes. A Klan-controlled politician would be as much an oddity in Canada as an Indian reserve on Manhattan.

It was because of these things that Canadians, not with vain boasting, but unitedly, prayerfully, and with thankfulness to Divine Providence for the blessings showered upon them for sixty years, celebrated their diamond jubilee as a people on July 1.

SOUTHERN DRAMA, NEW STYLE

By JAMES E. TOBIN

WHEN Paul Green's In Abraham's Bosom opened at the Provincetown last December, there was none of the customary hullabaloo which strikes New York on the occasion of the birth of a new "genius." Paul Green was not discovered until some months later, and was almost as promptly interred.

Perhaps it was the sight of a tall, angular Southerner employing the première of his first full-length play to take the stage and attack the methods of the metropolitan reviewers, that made his way harder than it should have been. It is unusual for a new and, save locally, unheard-of playwright to tell New York's dramatic staff that they are generally on the plane with space-writers, interested not in the drama, but in the nod of the box-office Buddhas. A few critics were openly understanding. There was some mouthing on both sides when the Pulitzer awards were made, and two papers went so far as to print Green's likeness in their rotogravure sections. And that was all.

Paul Green is now thirty-two. All but a few years of his life have been spent in his native state of North Carolina. Through his early years he worked on his father's farm. He was reared in an intensely religious atmosphere, reproduced, it is said, in The Field God, and passed shortly into the care of a "fanatical Baptist," owner and entire faculty of the "backwoods" academy at Buie's Creek.

Following two years of teaching in country schools, he entered the University of North Carolina, but his career there was interrupted by the war. He enlisted in 1917, rising from the ranks to a second lieutenancy in France. Green refuses to talk about his experiences, and in tabulating notes for a biographical sketch he wrote laconically: "Served four months on the western front." On his return, he was graduated from North Carolina (in 1921) and with the exception of a short period of graduate study at Cornell, he has been connected with his alma mater since that time. Classes in philosophy, the writing and editing of books, and concern with the university playshop have divided his time. He is a serious student of the drama, and has supplemented college research into the Greek and English stage with a strenuous program of work in the

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German and French tongues. His first plays were written while he was a student, and have appeared for the past seven years at commencements and in the repertory bills of the traveling players of the college.

Perhaps it was Green's fearless editorship of the Richmond Reviewer, as much as his play-writing, that made him widely known through the South. In charge of the quarterly for a year, he contributed to each of the issues, and startled the literary circles of the district with a bitter denunciation of apologists posing as critics. Against the editors of the Library of Southern Literature and against "the thousands of pages . . . from some hundreds of authors sent forth unashamedly to convince the world that we are a wronged people, that our literature would bear comparison with that of any time and any place," he discharged sharp, biting barbs of sarcasm. These are typical excerpts:

> We have written and lauded one another, founded magazines to boost ourselves, drawn our boundaries around us and refused the caustic consolation of scholarship and criticism because it did not tickle our naïve and foolish vanity. . . .
>
> In the present volume of 642 pages . . . we still have the loud ranting note, the usual rhetoric and spectacular hyperbole bestowed upon earth-departing spinsters, shave-tail poets, nine-day wonders, crossroads philosophers, minute Alfred Tennysons, and nostalgic, whimpering Poes.

Few men, with the exception of those who have long and intimate connection with the South as such, have dared to write of the American Negro. DuBose Heyward is one artist who essayed that task; Paul Green is another. In the introduction to a volume of collected plays he writes:

> The Negro has borne the brunt of the brutal dirty work in the so-called humanizing of the wide expanse . . . of that vast and fertile coastal plain which stretches inland from the sea. . . . For more than a hundred years he has built roads there, leveled hill and forest, plowed the fields, sweated and groaned forth the great brag crops of naval stores, of cotton, tobacco and corn, with little or no reward, material or otherwise. Living in the vilest of huts, the prey to his own superstition, suspicions and practices, beaten and forlorn before God Almighty Himself, he has struggled helplessly in the clutch of affliction and pain. . . . Unceasingly he has matched his strength with the earth that bore him, going forever in the end to rot unnoticed in the land he tilled.

In Abraham's Bosom is a consideration of that race, vividly characteristic, brutally tragic. Few stories of the Negro have such insight, or such understanding as this tale of a black Galahad, led by a gleam of desire to better his fellows, marching to doom over a long and painful path, a "lonesome road," as the dramatist has termed it elsewhere. And in the end, when the jeers have ceased, and the dreamer falls, the very heart of the audience is cut by the scream of his stricken wife, the faithful Goldie.

When Green completed this play he said, "The story of the tenant farmer has yet to be written." The production of The Field God, his second full-length drama, partly fulfills what might have been a promise.

Both these plays reveal constantly that Green has come but recently from the one-act stage. The best of his achievements in this genre are contained in his early volumes, Lonesome Road and The Lord's Will. He has tried on all the masks of drama: Old Wash Lucas is a character sketch; The Man Who Died at Twelve O'Clock, rich humor; In Aunt Mahaley's Cabin, melodrama. Other Negro plays besides In Abraham's Bosom include The End of the Row, similar in theme, inasmuch as it portrays a girl intelligent beyond her fellow-workers, eager for higher education, torn between that ambition and the chance for a white marriage. The Hot Iron is a searing page of married existence, and just as horror-revealing is the bare story of miscegenation, White Dresses. A more pleasant play of these people is his No 'Count Boy, a fantastic tale of a Negro pied piper of hearts, whose imaginative stories of far-away lands bring love like leaves to his feet. This play (prize-winner in the Dallas Little Theatre tourney) was brought to New York in 1925, and in his first appearance here its author was awarded the Belasco Cup in the national tournament.

The Last of the Lowries is the most popular of his "white" dramas. In plot it is similar to Synge's Riders to the Sea, highly Americanized to reveal the passing of a band of outlaws, long powerful in the Carolina hills. It is said to be based on true facts. Fixin's, another play of the tenant farmer, is a picture as harsh as the poverty it depicts, and so true to life that audiences have been hurt rather than pleased by its presentation. The Lord's Will is the story of a preacher and his struggles with the people of the soil.

The people of the soil. It is such who walk through Green's pages; and noting this, some critics have compared him to Synge. However, he is far more like Padraic Colum.

Both folk-dramatists—Connaughtman and Carolinian—sprang from the soil, and it is natural that each should write of the lives of those nearest them, those whose feet follow the plow and whose hearts the stars. In Three Plays, Colum gives us the rich brogue of the Irish peasant; we hear the cries of their happiness and pain, their joy and their frustration; we smell the warm turf turning soft, brown; and in winter we see it frozen, unyielding; we encounter hearts that are like the wild earth. In Green there is language just as distinct, colorful and musical; there is humor, loud, rustic humor, and there is rage, more noticeable in the South than in the land of the Celts; there is the same turf, but instead of bogs there are turpentine woods, and in place of cattle to be driven to town there are hogs to be killed. The heart, of course, is an organ peculiar to no one land. Both men have created characters which are beyond nationality, yet which, were they transplanted to another soil, would wither and die.

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Green is comparable also to Eugene O'Neill. He gives us a new picture of the land, just as O'Neill has sung a new saga of the sea. And as O'Neill loves the sailors who drink and sweat and swear in the grimy holds of his tramp steamers, and as Colum loves the queer old men, and eager, champing youths of his stories, Green loves the tortured humans who are driven across his pages. Like the other two, he is primarily a poet. He is not guilty of pulpiting; he has no message to peddle. He feels the cruelty and harshness in the life about him, seeing beauty, however, in the midst of its pain, and although in his classes of philosophy he may attempt to seek a reason, in his dramas he is essentially the observer.

Perhaps he shows but a single fragment of life. For one thing, he still is young. For another, he never has claimed to do more. His canvas has been admittedly small, but his work is large, and painted in strokes as cruel as the model. He lashes his characters, yet all the while he pities them, intensely, bitterly. He is sympathetic in his realism. He has used the clay of earth to mold figures of earth.

One July Night

The noise of the world lay hushed and still
As the grass beneath my window-sill:
The day's routine was done before
The night crept in and closed the door
Upon the din of daylight things.

The night was dark, the night was still,
And then the moon rose over the hill,
And yet—and yet the night was still.
Was still. But dark? Ah no, the night
Was flooded with a mellow light;
A light that touched a row of trees
Swaying gently in the breeze,
Whitened the ground
Without a sound,
Whitened the night
Till the world was bright.
Softly, silently, still no sound,
The big moon floated, cold and round—
(Across its face a bird in flight
Disappeared in heaven's height)
Hung there in a whitened sky
And made the world below alight.

The night was light, the night was still,
The moon held sway above the hill,
And not a sound had touched the air
In the tremendous movement there.

God works His mightiest, greatest things
Softly, as a bird on wings
Soars above the world on high—
Softer than a tear or sigh,
Softer than a whispered word.
God's mightiest works are never heard.

DOROTHY TYRREL.

CUTTING THE PEAT

By MICHAEL WALSH

TRAVELING in an Irish train the other day, I journeyed for close on an hour through a region of brown—miles and miles of brown bog lighted a little here and there by a streak of yellow furze. Far and near I saw the white sleeves of the turf-cutters and barrow-men, who were laboring at the arduous task of raising the peat. Some of them were so far off on the waste of brown that they looked little more than huge birds—something like what the French explorer saw when he first sighted Easter Island.

The truism that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives is applicable in a lesser degree to countries. Though coal-mining is one of England's chief industries, there are thousands of people living in the pastoral portions of Britain who have never seen a pithead. Numberless folk in Ireland, too, believe that peat is the only fuel that is common to every Irish farmhouse. This is not so. There are vast areas of the country, particularly in the southeast, where a sod of "turf" is unknown. I have known an Irish farmhouse where a sod of peat is cherished as a curiosity and treasured as much as if it were a strange shell brought home from the South Seas.

A day on an Irish bog working at the peat, though a hard and unrelenting one, is not without its compensations. With coat and vest laid aside, and divested of the trappings of the feet, one trips along over the spongy warmth of the peat carpet. The freedom of open spaces, the seas of singing heather and, sometimes, the mad warbling of larks, contribute toward a feeling of buoyancy unexperienced elsewhere. The turf-cutter or "slanesman," from long practice attains a wonderful skill in the handling of his implement. The "slane" is the kind of spade which cuts out the sod of peat in an oblong shape. One by one the slanesman flings up the sods, which are caught by the barrow-man, who builds them on his vehicle. When his load is complete he wheels it away and another barrow-man takes his place. The second man has his barrow full by the time the first man returns. And so on until the whole pit of peat is raised and scattered wide to the weather.

Dinner hour on the bog is a welcome respite. Nowhere else have I eaten so hearty a meal. Dining under such primitive conditions as sitting on the shaft of an upturned barrow and screened off from the sun by a furze bush, a slice of bacon is far more savory to the palate than if it is served in a city grill-room. As for the scent of your tobacco blending with that of the meadowsweet! Then to bask at full length in the cool heather—could the millionaire on the Riviera sands ask for more?

Peat is the decayed moss and vegetation of centuries. Digging down twelve or fourteen feet to its basic layer you are working amongst leaves that were green when the world was young. There is the element of exploration, too, about turf-cutting. Who knows what priceless relic of a vanished age may be unearthed at any moment? Nearly every year strange finds are made in Irish bogs—archaic ornaments or other treasures of our remote ancestors. Some of the first exhibits that greet the visitor as he mounts the main stairway of the British Museum in London are the quaint ornaments and weapons discovered in Irish bogs.

So helping at the turf-cutting in Ireland has something of the glamour of speculation about it. Who knows what wonders the hidden peat may yet reveal—chambers of gold rivaling those of Egypt of the Pharaohs!

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COMMUNICATIONS

CONFESSIONS OF AN ANTHOLOGIST

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—As one of the anthologists mentioned by Mr. Thomas Walsh in his highly entertaining article, Confessions of an Anthologist, it might not be amiss for me to add my corroborative testimony to what he has to say about the difficulties the compiler of an anthology has to encounter.

I found my poets, with one or two exceptions, exceedingly generous and courteous. Perhaps all anthologists have learned, as Mr. W. H. Davies did, that "the worst poets ask the most money."

The chief difficulties the maker of anthologies meets are those created by publishers. Not so many years ago, permission to use copyright material was, as a rule, given gratis, as well it might be—seeing that representation in an anthology is good advertising for both poet and publisher. But now most publishers charge such fees as will soon make anthologies impossible. And, as I discovered only when it was too late, claims are often made upon copyright that does not exist. I could name several of the leading publishers in America in this connection. On the other hand, the great publishing house to which I was most indebted for the number and the importance of the poems I used, did not charge me a cent, though it had a much clearer title to do so than other houses, which charged me a good many dollars.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

CATHOLIC LIBRARIES

Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editor:—When the city moron comes in contact with a new idea, he greets it with a sceptical catch-phrase, such as "apple-sauce," and proceeds to escape it via the psychic narcosis of a two-hour movie. His country brother, however, resents the disturbance to his cerebral comfort, and, as likely as not, rushes to his state legislature to bury his resentment in the form of a law. Hence I doubt very much whether placing Catholic books in rural libraries would make him more tolerant of Catholic claims. On the contrary, in a community which bars Darwin and Huxley from its public library shelves, it is hardly probable that a cordial welcome would be extended to tomes of Catholic apologetics. At any rate, before members of the Catholic societies, referred to by one of your recent correspondents, attempt to carry the civilizing effect of their literature to outlying parts, it might not be a bad notion for them to familiarize themselves with that literature. For if, as another of your correspondents has indicated, "Protestants are not good Catholic material," neither, strangely enough, are Catholics.

Somewhere in the republic there may be a Catholic society with an adequate library, but in considerable journeying around the country, I have not found it. A few weeks ago I visited a newly erected club-house of a Catholic fraternal organization. The building, with its equipment, must have cost millions. Yet in its bookroom there were shelves for, roughly speaking, 2,000 books, only half of which were filled. That there were great gaps in the collection did not disturb me, since these occur in any library, but what was astonishing was the fact that but few books had been added in twenty years. Just at present I can recall but one.

Several questions presented themselves while I glanced over the books. Why was the Encyclopaedia Britannica preferred to the Catholic Encyclopaedia? How did Melville's Omoo get in? Who was responsible for Epictetus's Discourses? For Huxley's Man's Place in Nature? For such drivel as Braddon's Lady Audley's Secret and Corelli's Romance of Two Worlds? But, ever recurring: Why had this library been all but dead for twenty years?

The answer might interest several of our Catholic authors, who now must rely on the non-Catholic public for readers. I know of no better job for this organization than to see that their writing co-believers get a hearing. I go further. With the exception of Cabell and Morley, no one in America is writing romance these days; and, with the exception of Synge, Joyce, O'Flaherty, and the earlier George Moore, no Irishman of first importance has written anything else. Romance is sadly needed just now, even though we may grant Mr. Ernest Sutherland Bates his hypothesis, in a recent issue of the Saturday Review of Literature, and characterize the romanticist as a "low fellow, a coward, a liar, and a profligate." So that, as an antidote for the present realism, I would recommend that Catholics devote a goodly space in the libraries of their societies to the Irish authors.

Finally, after the Catholics are steeped in Catholic and Irish literature, let them carry the message to the heathen, not, however, in the form of dialectics, but rather by means of the warm humanity of such things as, let us say, the Little Flowers of Saint Francis of Assisi.

DONALD POWELL.

A PHASE OF GOD'S SERVICE

The Abbey,
Fort Augustus, Scotland.

TO the Editor:—I wonder if there is any one of your readers, who—as architect, artist, craftsman or builder—feels that his work as a means of Catholic expression cannot be developed as it should be, under the commercial system which prevails in modern times?

If there is one such, he will probably be interested in an effort to establish again the monastic way of serving God with his talents, as was done so successfully in the middle-ages. Contact with the three or four others similarly interested may help to bring about beneficial results in America, in this particular phase of God's service. I should like to hear from him.

E. R. HARMAN.

THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND

Glacé Bay, Nova Scotia.

TO the Editor:—The purpose of this brief note is to correct a very glaring mistake in Mr. Flanagan's communication on the Catholics in Scotland (June 22). Speaking of the Clan MacDonald, who were compelled to leave their native heath and to settle in the county of Antigonish in this province, the writer says that this clan still exists in this county under Bishop Cameron. Now Bishop Cameron is dead these last seventeen years, and the see is occupied at present by His Lordship James Morrison, formerly of the sister province of Prince Edward Island.

ANTHONY TRABOULSEE.

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THE SEASON'S PLAYERS

By R. DANA SKINNER

(This is the last of a series of three general review articles by Mr. Skinner on the 1926-27 theatrical season.—The Editors)

THE New York stage, oddly enough, is suffering from a plethora of talent. There are not enough good plays, and certainly not enough good directors, to use half of the material at hand—particularly the younger material, in whose vitality, freshness of approach and willingness to work the stage has a rich treasure. In the nature of things, the younger actresses are more conspicuous than the young actors. The stage, as some one has said, is the place for good actresses and great actors. Until an actor brings to his work the fire of genius, it is difficult for him to win the popular fancy. But even allowing for this distinction, the talent on both sides is abundant, waiting only to be molded and drawn out by the masterly hand of such an expert and experienced director as Guthrie McClintic.

I have at hand a list of more than two dozen actresses, each of whom has shown qualities of rare interest during this season. To name them all would simply be tedious. But a few poignant facts emerge. Pauline Lord has done magnificently, and each of her plays has failed. Alice Brady has gained enormously in repose and inner strength—and only her last revival of The Thief was a success. Margaret Anglin gave us, in Electra, the only truly superb performance of the year—but for two crowded performances only. Where is the repertory theatre she should have in New York? Jane Cowl and Ethel Barrymore have given delightful performances in quite unworthy though successful plays.

It is really only at the Theatre Guild and the Neighborhood Playhouse that actors have been permitted to grow from month to month—Lynn Fontanne giving a gorgeous series of portraits at the former, and Dorothy Sands displaying her amazing versatility at the latter. Under the Guild management, Margalo Gillmore has also emerged as an emotional actress of real importance and poignant fire, and Laura Hope Crews has won a new wreath all her own for making The Silver Cord plausible. Clara Eames, in spite of her protest against Guild methods, did some of her best work this season, gaining mightily in warmth.

Guild methods and plays also placed Alfred Lunt on the pinnacle of a rich and masterly season. They showed us that Elliott Cabot was an actor to be taken seriously, and that Earle Larrimore is on the threshold of real distinction. Above all, they brought to our attention the work of the most sterling character actor of the day—Edward G. Robinson, whose least impersonation reaches the power of fine art. The ever satisfactory Dudley Digges, with his inimitable use of telling business, has also graced the Guild boards throughout the dramatic year which has just drawn to a close.

Compare such a result with the fate of equally talented actors in the commercial theatre. James Rennie's season would have been meaningless if a last-minute chance had not projected him into the Players' revival of Julius Caesar. Then, to everyone's astonishment, he gave a magnificently virile rendering of Marc Anthony, marred only at moments by a burring accent. Glenn Hunter—merely to take names at random—has done nothing new. Otis Skinner is not being used in New York at all. The delightfully sympathetic Ralph Morgan is no further ahead than five years ago. Basil Rathbone and Arthur Wontner—a new light from England—had a few fine moments in the ill-famed Captive, and nothing else of distinction. Pedro de Cordoba did his best acting of years in the early scenes of Sam Abramovich—and the play itself lasted one week! And so on, name after name, goes the list of a wasted year.

Nor have the actresses fared much better. Blanche Yurka—whose Gina in The Wild Duck made stage history—has been acting eight months or so in a supremely unimportant play, The Squall. There are a dozen rôles, classic and modern, in which Miss Yurka might have thrilled us under a repertory system. Katherine Cornell has been Green Hatting the entire season—to the infinite loss of real theatregoers. Helen Gahagan has been frittering away her time in the charming costumes of Rose Trelawny when she might have been growing as an emotional or even tragic actress. Peggy Wood—than whom none is more charming or arch—has been in and out of everything that was meaningless.

June Walker, by an amazing tour de force, made ladies as well as gentlemen prefer blondes—but, after all, why shouldn't they? Miss Walker has more important things to give than the lispings of Lorelei. Helen Hayes, it would seem, was bound forever to the magic of her Maggie Wylie—and who could find a more distinguished and poignant bit of artistry on the stage? But are there no new channels through which she can bring the beauty of her mind to audiences? Ruth Gordon, happily, made Saturday's Children a means of overcoming past mannerisms. The engaging quality of Claiborne Foster still remains—potential. This season, like last, saw her talents wasted on a vastly commonplace play. Sylvia Field cavorting in Broadway; Ann Harding in a bit of melodramatic hokum; Mary Ellis appearing for a few brief moments—gorgeous moments—in The Humble, and then fading into The Crown Prince; Mary Fowler playing seconds, except in Sam Abramovich, when under a capable director she could be giving a distinctly rare quality to leads; Aline McMahon in a brief though unforgettable scene in Spread Eagle; Dorothy Burgess deserting delightfully to musical comedy: these are but a few more of the discouragements to a fine acting tradition fostered by the commercial method of presenting plays. "Flops," or else interminably long runs—and little or nothing added to the artistic stature of those who, at best, have only a few years in which to give of their worth.

Walter Hampden, of course, has the advantage of his own theatre. But he, too, has yielded to the long-run temptation, appearing only in Caponsacchi since the prompt failure of The Immortal Thief which opened his season. We come, then, to a place reserved for one of the finest and bravest experiments made in recent years—Eva Le Gallienne's repertory on Fourteenth Street. Neither a Theatre Guild compromise of alternating weeks, nor a Hampden debâcle into long runs, this was the one real repertory theatre of the season, with two, three or even more plays a week, offering a surpassing opportunity to actors and public alike. That Miss Le Gallienne made the mistake of directing all plays herself; that the men of her company were not exceptional; these two points we must regretfully admit. But in giving us many views of the art of Beatrice Terry and the delectable Josephine Hutchinson, in sticking courageously to an announced purpose, in giving plays of substance and worth, and in her own work as an artist of sincere devotion, Miss Le Gallienne won the spontaneous applause and gratitude of every theatre-lover in New York. Without her, the season had merit; with her, it had the distinction of high purpose.

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POEMS

Ears

While I was resting in the shade,
She climbed into the carob tree.
But suddenly she cried to me:
"Come, get me! I'm afraid!"
The carob tree grows trunk by trunk,
And in between them she had sunk.

A tiny dryad fiercely caught
With jagged branches either side!
She wriggled hard and almost cried
Although she trusted me, and thought,
No matter what the chance, that I
Could pull her out and lift her high.

Oh, horror of a moment's fright!
And then she squirmed and wriggled out
Silently, without a shout,
Though very scared and very white.
O baby daughter, have a care!
I think they tried to keep you there.

O baby, guard your primal fears,
Your old defenses, though you dare
High deeds of courage strange and rare.
For such as we have pointed ears.
I comb my hair to cover mine,
But yours curls up and shows them fine.

JESSIE E. SAMPTER.

Graalshausen

Behind the village stands an elvish wood
Of sacred hornbeam, lonely, green and wild,
Wherein a small stream ripples undefiled,
The secret meaning of that solitude—
On summer evenings when the rosy flush
Of sunset dimmed beyond the brown church-tower
In tender mists, a vague and precious flower
With mystical magnificence ablush,
Smoke of old altars, faded and gorgeous dreams,
And faint and far the trancèd bells would ring
From hidden hamlets to hamlets deeper hidden,
I'd wander by that still grove's stealing streams,
And crown myself like some mad, world-sick king
With spiritual visions that came unbidden.

WILFRED CHILDE.

Midsummer Madness

I am out upon the housetop of the world beneath the stars,
And their bars,
I could touch them if I tried it where I stand
With my hand,
All the years like silver bubbles in the purple mists below
Singing go,
And my heart goes singing with them in the wildest rhapsody,
Happy me!

SISTER MARIELLA.

Songs for a Baby Angel

I

The doors of my heart
Were closed very tight
And opened only
For a slender beam of light.

Now I open them
Carelessly wide
That love, forgetting
Other things, may come inside.

II

The little brooks of heaven
One can step across.
Their shallow banks are covered
With a pale green moss.

The little frogs are croaking
Where the high reeds grow.
The brooks down here are saying,
I know! I know! I know!

III

Treading, treading light blue stars,
Tangled yellow ones around your feet;
Loading some in heavenly cars;
Carrying the dead ones down the street.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

Sonnet of Dead Cities

I wandered past the temples of the Mings,
And through the ruined gates of Angkor Wat.
I saw the fallen city of the kings
Who ruled in Knossos, died and were forgot
By lesser kings. Beneath Vesuvius' cloud
I walked the dead white streets that Romans trod,
Saw Nineveh beneath its earthy shroud,
(Semiramis reduced to lifeless sod)
Persepolis, where Persians once were free,
And Karnak, she who held great Pharaoh's powers,
And by the shore of a calm inland sea,
The sparkle of Chicago's spindling towers.

The spirit of the cities whispered then:
"These are the futile strongholds built by men."

JOHN MULLEN.

Fragment

Blue as the shadow of a wing
Dusk sweeps the hill;
The wind drops, sighing, to the grass
And there lies still.

Now, as a ghost who knows the hour
That sets her free,
The moon, with an adoring star,
Steals from a tree.

MAVIS MCINTOSH.

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BOOKS

Minor Prophecies, by Lee Simonson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

MR. SIMONSON modestly calls his book of essays Minor Prophecies, but one of them at least is rather entitled, in its own field, to the epithet major. He says that one summer a friend of his who had taken a seaside cottage and found the white walls unpleasantly bare, asked him to rent him for the season four pastels of flowers that he had just completed. This was the germ of an idea that he worked out in a paper called The Painter's Ark and published in 1917, in which he pointed out the advisability of renting contemporary paintings instead of selling them as a means of solving the problem of the modern picture market from the point of view both of the artist and the patron.

Only the rich, as a rule, can afford to buy pictures nowadays, with the result that painters can neither reach the public nor support themselves. The mass of the middle class, moving from one apartment to another, cannot encumber themselves with collections of paintings even if they could afford to buy them. Moreover, with the experimental nature of so much modern art, there is an additional value in being able to possess pictures for a season only. "The certainty," says Mr. Simonson, "even for a collector, that the picture which he likes today, he will enjoy five years hence, is an expert sense acquired usually only after years of systematic collecting and many failures. . . . It is idle to expect the public as a whole to acquire new experiences at a cost which penalizes their willingness to experiment." And again: "A brewer who moved from a hotel to his country estate every June might conceivably enjoy pictures, a still-life by Hassam perhaps, as he enjoys his garden, until the frost. May not some elderly lawyer prefer to look at Glackens's Beach at Bellport for a winter rather than renew his two subscription seats for the opera? At the end of the winter he might reluctantly sell a bond rather than part with the picture. The third summer, after renting other painters, the brewer might find that he wanted a Hassam every summer." On the other hand, the annual rental of even twenty pictures at five dollars a month would produce for the painter an assured income of $1,200, enough to keep him going without the necessity of compromise until his growing reputation assured him adequate prices. This happy idea has been taken up and worked out practically by the Chicago Galleries Association, and is certain to be adopted more and more widely as time goes on. The source of the idea has no doubt been forgotten in most quarters, but those who have always remembered Mr. Simonson's paper will be delighted to see it reprinted with all its wealth of incidental motives.

In his other essays, devoted to similar subjects, Mr. Simonson is equally fertile in happy suggestions. His general position is that of one who regards art as having a function to perform in society—"the specific purpose of housing and adorning human activity," beauty being "essentially a by-product, the record of that appropriateness, of relevance outlived." Thus, in his Land of Sunday Afternoon he attacks the conventional American museum as a dreary asylum where taste and aesthetic pleasure are drugged and destroyed: "If it is a misdemeanor to crowd five Italians into a tenement bedroom, it is criminal to crowd five great works of art into a space where not one can truly live. If a school-child must have 240 cubic feet of air in order to breathe, a masterpiece needs 500 to be seen." And the moral is that the great mass of artistic bric-à-brac that encumbers most museums and has value only for historical research should be stored in well-lighted subterranean galleries where it can be adequately studied by those who are interested, while the museum itself should be an exposition-house where a few chosen relics of the past should be so placed as to restore the sense of their original function, living again as they originally lived, in a temple, a palace or a cathedral. And just this has been done, in a small way, he points out, in the print collection of the Boston Art Museum where Mr. Carrington has realized that the curator is in the position of a manager with a newly accepted play: he must stage it, appealing to the psychology of attention as preliminary to the psychology of appreciation. And all this is particularly important in America where museums, otherwise than in Europe, contain masses of art works that are wholly divorced from any national tradition.

In A Revolution as Curator, Mr. Simonson describes most picturesquely from personal experience the rôle which the Soviet government is playing as the guardian of Russian art and historical monuments. Museums are a passion with this oligarchy which is as careful to preserve the tradition of the taste of the individual as it is hostile to his political freedom. There are thirty-one in Leningrad and thirty-nine in Moscow, including a Museum of Musical Instruments, a Museum of Military Uniforms, a Museum of Royal Harness and State Coaches, five separate museums for the literary remains of Tolstoy, Chekhov, Turgenev, Dostoievsky and Pushkin, and a Museum of Toys, directed by its former owner whom the children, running after him in the streets, call Uncle Museum. Aside from these papers, the most interesting is that entitled Panic in Art, in which Mr. Simonson traces the mad rush of new schools in painting—cubist, futurist, orphist, synchronist, vorticist—to the bewildering array of historic traditions that has taken the place everywhere of immediate native traditions, resulting in a panic-stricken effort to recover our lost innocence of the eye, a frantic endeavor to achieve abstract art, a reaching back to the primitive, a contempt for the object and the visible world, an eagerness to rend the veil of appearance and attain the hidden essence of being. The book abounds in happy aperçus and vivid, picturesque and incisive touches.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

The Golden Complex: A Defense of Inferiority, by Lee Wilson Dodd. New York: The John Day Company. $1.75.

PSYCHOANALYSIS has long been waiting for its satirist. The genuine scientific merits of the psychoanalytic method have been so overshadowed by the mythological symbolism of its founders, their over-emphasis upon sex, and their exaggerated claims, that there is hardly any movement today calling more loudly for ridicule. Mr. Dodd partly essays the rôle of this much-needed satirist and partly avoids it. His aim seems to have been nothing more momentous than to write an interesting book, full of whimsical ideas and the free play of intellectual fancy. In this he has amply succeeded. Those who find pleasure in aimless thinking for its own sake, the sending of ideas like soap-bubbles into the air merely to watch their shimmer—and if they break too soon no harm is done, as there are plenty more to be had for the asking—such fortunate people will find no better book than Mr. Dodd's to take with them on their vacation.

The author's particular target is—instead of the better known Freud and Jung—the equally vulnerable Dr. Alfred Adler and his theory of the "inferiority complex." This theory, beginning as a sound empirical discovery that many neuroses

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seem to be due to unconscious over-compensation for organic inferiority of one kind or another, was enlarged by its propounder and philosophized after the German fashion until, like other psychoanalytic theories, it covers everything and nothing. According to Dr. Adler's philosophic view—not obliquely derived from Nietzsche—the instinctive goal of every individual is infinite superiority to his fellows, the possession of absolute, godlike power. Why one should have an instinctive urge toward anything so impossible of attainment it is a little difficult to see; but letting that pass, and granting that we have the urge, what follows? Dr. Adler tells us: "Whoever takes this goal of godlikeness seriously or literally, will soon be compelled to flee from real life and compromise by seeking a life within life; if fortunate, in art, but more generally in pietism, neurosis, or crime." This is, of course, a vastly suggestive theory—suggestive, to Mr. Dodd, of the thought that a "complex" which is responsible for art and pietism must be highly valuable. Hence he dubs it "the golden complex" and proceeds to trace its rôle in human history. As his first examples he chooses Cain, Byron and Saint Francis; he might as well have chosen—as he would instantly grant—anybody else. The beauty of Dr. Adler's theory, for Mr. Dodd's purposes, is that it is universally applicable. "He began," writes Mr. Dodd, "as a spoiled child, of course. That beginning, as I shall presently insist, is certain to produce an inferiority complex. And another, equally favorable to its production, is to begin as a lonely, neglected child. Or, you may acquire your golden complex just as readily by beginning as one of many children in an overcrowded, quarrelsome, competitive home. Being the oldest child, in such circumstances, is an excellent way of catching an inferiority complex, and another splendid way is to be the youngest child, or any one of the intermediate children."

So Mr. Dodd goes glitteringly on for 150 pages, showing that the greatness of America is due to our sense of inferiority toward the older cultures of Europe, and finally, as the fooling reaches a cosmic pitch, arguing that the course of organic evolution takes its start in the amoeba's well-grounded sense of insignificance. The author, unfortunately, tries to extract more humor from his thesis than it will yield, and toward the end both he and the reader grow a little weary. But in the main, The Golden Complex is a book which it was evidently fun to write, and, in the main, it is a book which it is fun to read.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

The Renaissance of the Twelfth Century, by Charles Homer Haskins. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. $5.00.

THOSE who are familiar with Professor Haskins's Studies in the History of Mediaeval Science need not be told that his new volume is on a par with the best in contemporary mediaeval scholarship. Its purpose, however, is more especially popularization of what scholars know about an unusually important period in western history—the century which, roughly speaking, may be called the twelfth. The field is further restricted "to the history of culture in this age" and finally to "the Latin writings of the period and what they reveal." Though the material is far more vast than is commonly assumed (owing to an historical near-sightedness which Professor Haskins gently but firmly chides) it is quite assimilable to the general reader when neatly and picturesquely classified.

Even if the enforced separation of Latin poetry from, say, the revival of science creates an artificial symmetry of which life knows nothing, it is our only way of getting a compre-

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hensive impression of the past. One of Professor Haskins's major virtues is his ability to keep this "comprehensive impression" always in mind. The reader comes to realize that "something was doing" in the hundred years prior to Dante and Aquinas, and to acquire an insight into the human circumstances of those who carried on the work. Much has been written about mediaeval intellectual centres, for instance; but no other work in English outlines so succinctly just what the monasteries, the cathedral schools, the courts and the "traveling scholars" were, and how they kept up relations with one another. Similarly a chapter on books and libraries collates personal investigation with the researches of others in such a way that the scene takes on definite shape and one is enabled to see precisely, for instance, what the copying of manuscripts entailed. To be able to impose this sort of imaginative realization is an achievement to which one is moved to extend high praise indeed.

The discussion of Latin classics, language and poetry as they figured in the intellectual life of the twelfth century is, perhaps, the most valuable portion of our book. Here again the value of the treatment lies not so much in the amount of new material incorporated as in the skill with which fact and opinion has been sifted, and in the clearness of the resultant outlines. The gaps in the information now accumulated are always carefully indicated, and the author preserves a truly scholarly modesty. Other chapters deal with historical writing and translators, with the revival of science and philosophy (to both of which subjects commendably adequate bibliographies are appended, although one misses just a little the titles of books like Father Harper's Metaphysics of the Schools) and with the beginnings of universities.

It is frankly a humanistic book, interested in the story of culture because culture is felt to be a good thing, but there is an admirable sympathy with the religious aspirations of the period. Professor Haskins ought to win readers as well as praise for his work, and no reader can resist being emancipated to some extent from prepossessions. I do not know if he eliminated sculpture and art from his purview because of the fact that these subjects have been dealt with so well by Emile Mâle; but his book supplements Mâle better than any work I know of and is assuredly worthy of a place beside it on the shelves of any library.

In a field so vast there are sure to be minor details about which difference of opinion will arise. I do not think, for instance, that the twelfth century can be accepted as "perhaps the culminating age of religious poetry." The Thomistic hymns (which, it has been predicted, mankind will continue to sing in heaven) the poetry of Jacopone da Todi and of Saint Francis himself, even the flowering of English religious lyricism, certainly lend weight to the claim that the thirteenth century was the greatest period of spiritual song. Professor Haskins also observes that the "plays of the Latin dramatists survived only in books which were little read" and that Hroswitha's imitations of him "were not meant to be acted." The last statement seems probable, although Hroswitha has really been acted. But she certainly wrote because so many were reading Terence—to their souls' undoing; and her best modern critic, Rudolf Wolkan, says positively that manuscripts of Terence were then to be found in almost every monastic library. All such details are of minor importance, however. The Renaissance of the Twelfth Century is a book to which one can cheerfully extend a hearty welcome.

T. C.

Shule Agra, by Kathleen Coyle. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

IN ORDER to impress the dramatic quality of her narrative idea more emphatically and firmly upon the attention of her reader, Miss Coyle sometimes resorts to vigorous methods which, considering the general nature of her material and the experience reflected therein, convey a sense of undue exaggeration and awkward force. This feature of her style appears in different ways: in descriptive phraseology; in the intensity of human relationships; and in the narrative climax of her final chapter where tragedy mounts abruptly and with vehemence.

But beyond this treat there is, in her story, a great beauty and order. It is a simple and clearly designed narrative of family allegiance and contacts in recent Ireland, of a daughter's rebellion against restraint and prejudice, and finally of her reliance on their fundamental wisdom when the tragedy of life comes, and her faith in the homely tenacious ideals is renewed in the light of a rediscovered insight when her impulse and adventure fail her. Throughout the development of this essentially familiar theme, there are a rising vigor and an unfolding truth which make no great claim to originality in extension and application, but which hold all their old artistic potency, and impart, in addition, a feeling of independent judgment and imaginative resource. These achieve for Shule Agra its real claim on the attention and its basic strength.

The descriptive values in the book are particularly notable. The Irish landscape is visualized in terms of brooding, sombre beauty or of bright, happy charm with an unfailing capture of memorable aspects and phases; the details in town and home and nature, though occasionally conscious of the neo-Irish manner of investing all things with an accepted magic or strangeness which soon becomes obvious, are exquisitely selected and reproduced; and the cumulative effect is to make the drama of lives dominated by the sympathetically depicted scene against which it moves and on which it draws for so much of its incident and character, color and appeal. Miss Coyle has, moreover, mastered the difficulties of essentials. Her directness, her skilful selection, and her unmistakable grasp of a basic idea show it. This side of her ability—terseness, incisive thrusts of analysis and imagery, courageous brevity in fixing issues—is her best, and to refine it even at the expense of some of the properties which make her story most vivid and exciting would be, for her, to develop a scope which might easily make her work distinctive and remarkable even in the achievements of contemporary writers out of Ireland.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

CONTRIBUTORS

SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN is a special writer on national legal questions for the American magazines.

M. GRATTAN O'LEARY, editor of the Ottawa Journal, is prominent in Canadian newspaper work.

JAMES E. TOBIN is a contemporary poet and critic residing in New England.

MICHAEL WALSH is an Irish writer of fiction.

JESSIE E. SAMPTER is a Zionist poet whose home is in Palestine. She is the author of Emek, a book of poems.

WILFRED CHILDE, lecturer in Leeds University, is an English poet, and the author of The Little City, The Escaped Princess, Hills of Morning and The Gothic Rose.

SISTER MARIELLA, O.S.B., is a member of the community of the College of Saint Benedict, St. Joseph, Minnesota.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY is a poet residing in Chicago.

JOHN MULLEN, DOROTHY TYRREL and MAVIS MCINTOSH are occasional contributors to THE COMMONWEAL poetry columns.

VAN WYCK BROOKS is the author of Wine of the Puritans, John Addington Symonds, The Ordeal of Mark Twain, and Emerson and Others.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, formerly professor of philosophy at Oregon University, is a special writer on educational and literary subjects.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL, a member of the faculty of Loyola College, Chicago, is a contributor of criticism to current American periodicals.

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THE QUIET CORNER

"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library."—C. LAMB.

"I am afraid," mused Doctor Angelicus, "that my Cousin Ann will no longer welcome me at her Sunday night suppers and I shall have to forego the cold roast beef, the ham and Worcestershire sauce which made her table so refreshing after a week of restaurant dinners. But those two fetching girls of hers, Scylla and Charybdis, have fallen into the habit of appealing to me in their household differences with their mother, a lady decidedly of the old school who is fighting tooth and nail against the modernist proclivities of the younger generation.

"The two girls are blessed with the shock of golden hair that has long been traditional in the women of our family, and they are demanding permission of their mother to have it bobbed. 'We are the only girls in our class who are not bobbed, but mother declares that our long hair is ladylike and is our crowning glory. We are most unhappy about it; do speak for us, dear Doctor, and tell mother it is quite proper for us to cut off these foolish ringlets.'

"They are sweet girls, so what could I do but turn to Cousin Ann and say: 'My dear Andromache (that is the way she has registered herself in the society Blue Book) there is some reason in what the girls desire; it is true that you and I date from a period when Princess Alexandra led the fashion of frizzled helmets and later on the hairdressers stuck rats of Chinese growth under the shrinking forefronts of Aunt Eliza and Cousin Mignonette. I have a distinct recollection of your own hair with a naughty little bang on the day you married Cousin Hephaestus. We are all children of our own times, and I confess to using a bit of brilliantine over my own poor ears on occasions of particular solemnity. Do I need to remind you of the transformations and the Janice Meredith curls that are still worn by certain members of your Afternoon Literary Club?'

"There was some giggling at this from the young ladies, which should have warned me to desist from my line of argument, and sip a comfortable mouthful of Cousin Ann's tea. But beauty has ever enlisted my lance, so that I have always begged off from my jury duty, knowing my weakness before lovely plaintiffs and the jeopardy to my principles so chivalrously involved. Nevertheless, I careened softly into this new whirlpool, saying:

" 'Now Scylla and Charybdis represent the jeune siècle movement, the school of the ever new penetrating the ever old; today one bobs in the feminine world. I can assure you that there is nothing new under the sun in this fashion. We can trace it from the Egyptian sculptures, from the remnants of Greek and Roman portraiture, from the stone reliefs of the primitive Mexicans and Hondurans, down through the early middle-ages when men and women wore their tresses clipped at the collar band; under the wigs and perukes old and young kept their locks tightly shorn; dare I suggest a picture of Madame de Pompadour or even George Washington without their headgears? The Napoleonic era brought these cropped heads into the open. In the cloister we have had the invariable practice of shearing the tresses, with, of course a religious as well as practical intent; we know that Saint Margaret cut her hair and dressed as a man; our new saint, Joan of Arc, certainly had few afternoons to devote to the washing and combing of her tresses; her most ancient portraits represent her without the chignon or those netted bags that give a horrible marsupial effect in our family collection of daguerreotypes to the sweet

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faces they hang behind. Recently in my readings of the biography of Sister Juana Inés de la Cruz, the Tenth Muse of Mexican poetry, I encountered her naïve description of youthful vanities before she entered the convent and achieved the sanctity in which she died. She confesses that "although endowed with the appetite that is so strong in children, I abstained from eating cheese as somebody had told me that it made one coarse; but the desire of learning was stronger in me than hunger; for knowing how to read and write, as well as being accomplished in my household duties and sewing, I heard that there were universities and schools where sciences were studied in Mexico. Then I began to implore my mother, that clothing me like a man, she should send me to Mexico City. She refused (and very wisely) but I avenged myself in reading the various books that my uncle had in plenty. So intense was my application that (although the hair of women, especially in their youth, is so prized an ornament) I cut off four or six fingers width, marking its original length and resolving that when it grew again to a point beyond which I did not intend to have it, I should cut it again and again to keep it from becoming untidy. For it did not seem right that a head should be covered with locks when it was empty of brains which should be its real ornament."'

"It seemed to me that Cousin Andromache was not as cordial as usual when I came to say good-night and I fear for my cold-cuts and Lea and Perrins on next Sunday evening."

* * *

"I have been wondering, Britannicus," said Doctor Angelicus, putting down the heavy tome of Akbarnama by Abdul Fazl, translated by H. Beveridge, "as to what would happen to our novelists, playwrights and poets if they were shut out of the public libraries and the associations of cheap gossips and left quite to their own ingenuities. My own weariness and boredom at their persistent claims to originality seem to have been shared by the great Akbar of India. For I read in history that he spoke with Father Francis Xavier, now the canonized Jesuit hero, of his efforts to test the quality of enlightenment that was putting itself forward at his court. Adbul Fazl in his chronicle relates that in 1578 Akbar ordered the incarceration of some twenty or thirty suckling infants in an establishment where no civilized speech could reach them, with honest and active guards put over them and only tongue-tied wet nurses allowed to function for them. Some years later, in 1582, when he went with a few attendants to the place which was known as the Gang-Mahal or dumb-house, he found his nurslings, in spite of their four or five years' growth, 'quite without the talisman of speech and nothing came out except the noise of the dumb.'

"Oh, that we might have such schools of journalism, such nurseries of originality and genius—'to give us pause!'—to show us what tradition and civilization have done for us and to confuse the young colt that kicks the mare, its mother, so merrily in these latter years."

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